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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

JULY 7, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX, No. 2452

THIS ISSUE

Highland Show. To be styled in future as "Royal," this year's meeting at Inverness was graced by the official visit of Their Majesties, the first Royal visit since the show's foundation in 1827. Jennifer's account and pictures of this successful occasion are on pages 10 and 11.

"Oliver Twist." Another outstanding British film has made its debut in London before an audience which included H.M. Queen Mary. Pictures and a critical appraisal of the production are on pages 4 and 5.

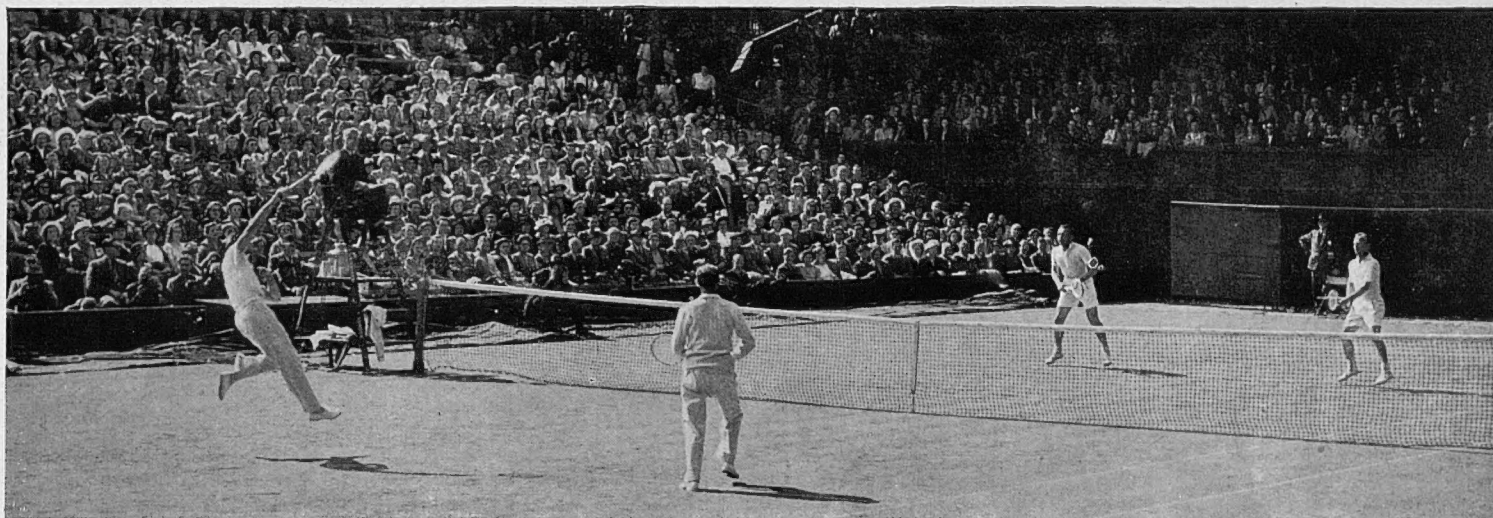
Wimbledon. Gordon Beckles discourses with a nice nostalgia upon the palmy days of the tennis festival as he describes some of the delights and difficulties of this year's finals after an absence of ten years. Page 2.

Gibraltar. We publish this week a series of informal pictures of Lt.-General Sir Kenneth Anderson, K.C.B., M.C., and Lady Anderson at home with their grandchildren on "The Rock." Government House, a convent for Franciscans until 1701, makes an attractive setting for these studies. Pages 16 and 17.

The Hursley Hunt. Cranbury Park, Hants, was the scene for the recent ball held by the Hursley. Photographs of some of the leading personalities at this decorative and popular function are on pages 12 and 13.



COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE with his wife and son Bertil, seen at Dragonsgården, his home in Stockholm. Count Bernadotte was recently appointed mediator for the United Nations in Palestine. Whilst in Stockholm, the Count spends most of the day at the headquarters of the Swedish Red Cross on the Artillerigatan. He will be remembered for his able supervision during the war of the exchange of disabled prisoners



The Two French Musketeers, J. Borotra and J. Brugnon made a welcome return to the Wimbledon championships this year and the former is seen making an overhead smash in their first round match against C. Sychala and I. Tloczynski whom they beat 6-4, 5-7, 7-5, 6-3

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

NOT for ten years had I been to Wimbledon. Gone were memories of Helen Wills of the beautiful profile, of Henri Cochet and Bunny Austin, of the severe Miss Ryan and the bouncing, volatile, unpredictable Mlle Suzanne Lenglen and—in the interval—had come earlier memories, of tea on a lawn, with the sun setting over the hollyhocks, and gin-slugs and that hour of the evening when people talk lazily and no one watches the last players.

Then one day, during a recent spell of our national form of insanity, I went down to Wimbledon; by tube train. If my ticket had not read "Wimbledon-Southfields" I might have believed myself to be on the way to St. John's Wood. All round me in that packed and stifling railway carriage people were talking of Bedser, Barnes and Bradman, and not of Parker, Mottram and Falkenburg. When we stopped, rather precipitately, at Fulham opposite a sign which said: "Alight Here For Football Ground" I feared the worst; but no, except for some discussion about My Love and the Grand Prix, we carried on with cricket as before until the train disgorged us in a taxi-scampering mass at Southfields.

What a lather we do get into during these few weeks when the nation's sporting instincts run amok! People who have never set eyes on one of the players dissertate learnedly on the Tests, while others who have never seen a race seem to know more about it than people in the paddock, and the conversation at times becomes wildly confused.

ALAS! I can share little of this intensity of feeling with my fellows. A veil of incomprehension comes between us when I talk to men whom I have known for many years and feel that, at saner season, I understand reasonably well. A feeling of disbelief conquers me, as when a woman whose judgment you have hitherto respected says of some hideous cad: "I think he's sweet . . . and so good-looking."

A game remains just a game for me, and sometimes there comes into my head an old music-hall jingle about golf:

*"What's the little ball for
I should like to know.
Is there any call for
You to hit it so?
What's it there at all for
Is what I want to know."*

So Wimbledon after ten years came somewhat as a shock, the tenseness in the air, the roar from the Centre gladiator's court heard down in the concrete catacombs, so ugly and unlawn-tennis-like.

In fact, there is precious little "lawn" left in the Centre Court after the first few days.

On the afternoon I went, the American player Frank Parker went down to long-drawn defeat by Sweden's L. Bergelin, a good game in its contrast of styles, Parker playing a grim, efficient one devoid of any whimsies, and Bergelin always interesting and personable.

One fancies that the game might do nowadays with a little more of the Lenglen touch, odd manners and all? Golfers must not be allowed a monopoly of the habit of throwing their gear about in moments of emotional stress.

When there was something of a rush to the buffet I asked an attendant where I could get a drink.

"Are you an 'Alcoholic Beverage,' sir?" he said, "Fourth queue down."

And, rather shamefacedly, I took my place in a pen labelled, "Alcoholic Beverages."

ONE of the charms of the older London has been the grouping of trades in particular districts and the persistence with which these areas continue to attract newcomers.

Any Londoner can think of a dozen off the bat—Hatton Garden for diamonds, Saffron Hill (next door) for Italian ice-cream men, Golden Square for textiles, Soho for Continental cooking, Bethnal Green for cabinet-makers and Drury Lane for artists' colourmen.

What form the new "West End" and "Mayfair" will eventually take is not yet apparent, threatened as they are to-day with Whitehall.

So I hail the emergence of the first post-war development around Piccadilly Circus—that uncircular space once billed by Cochran as the "Centre of the Globe." Within a few minutes' walk you may now inspect the whole range of world travel.

Cockspur Street has for many years been the "Street of the Model Ships," starting with the Canadian Pacific, then the Royal Mail, the Norwegians, the French Line, the P. & O., the Orient Line, Cook's and the Union Castle. A month or so ago the Cunard moved up into Lower Regent Street, to suitably palatial premises, with a magnificent model of the *Queen Elizabeth* in the window, as graceful as her sister (below-the-water-line) is gawky.

OPPOSITE the Cunard is British European Airways with B.O.A.C. two hundred yards northwards in Regent Street proper, while across in Haymarket are Air France and Air-India, and a couple of Dutch lines. Throw in the brand-new United States Lines offices in Pall Mall and the French Railways, with the smart little Danish office in Piccadilly, and, with a little imagination, you can cock a snoot at Jules Verne.

There is even the memory of a ship of the Jules Verne era, for opposite Cunard is the Tea Centre and in its window an exquisite model of the *Cutty Sark* which brought us (or clipped to us?) tea long before the days of rationing.

The attached placard tells something I did not know before: that the design of the *Cutty Sark* was inspired by a class of French frigates of Napoleonic days. It also states that the ship's record day's run was 363 miles, which works out at about sixteen m.p.h. on land. I have crossed the Atlantic by steam at far less than that in an alleged liner.

What this little land-locked model does not do is to suggest the glory that must have been

the *Cutty Sark* in full sail, down-Channel, with the sun shining (a sight I have always dearly hoped that one day I might see with any full-rigged ship in the picture).

I mentioned the Canadian Pacific as being in Cockspur Street but actually it has—as the result of strenuous efforts by the present European Manager—reached Trafalgar Square, after some forty years on the same site.

London is no longer imaginative with its street names, harbouring a conservative pride in the past; but the nomenclature does change. Ask a taxi-driver to drive to “Irving Street” and he may pause. Irving Street was, but the day before yesterday, “Green Street” off Leicester Square. And it is only a few years since there were three Charles Streets in the West End. One now remains, the second is King Charles Street and the third is “Trevor Street.”

Apparently it is not invariably difficult to get your street's name changed. The dress-designer Mr. Digby Morton thought that Grosvenor Mews did not do justice to itself, so he persuaded Westminster recently to change the address to “Grosvenor Hill.”

More and more are some of these “mews thoroughfares” gaining character in contrast to the rest of office-dominated Mayfair.

ON other counts, the City of Westminster is not always so tolerant.

Of recent years the landlord of a public house in the cul-de-sac elbow leading from Charles Street to Hill Street has had the pretty fancy of using his few yards of dead-end pavement to place outside his house “9 chairs, 2 tables, 2 benches, 2 bay trees (in wooden containers).”

This is one of many taverns of the town which has developed a new character of recent years. Members of the nearby Guards Club use it; indeed, it has been patronized, in the pleasant phrase, by the “nobility and gentry,” and last summer a newsreel outfit came along and took pictures of “a little piece of Paris in London.”

Nine chairs and two tables, forsooth!

Yet it has been too much for the Westminster Council, one of whose snoopers came along and noted that they had obviously been placed there “for the convenience of customers.” And—of course—must be removed.

This from a Westminster which allows its streets to be lined with over-large limousines at all the most inconvenient hours of the day.

To arms, Sir Alan Herbert!

WHEN the curtain went up on Christian Bérard's delicious setting for Massine's new *Clock Symphony* at Covent Garden the eye was invited to rest on a vast and elaborate clock in the centre of the stage.

Where had one seen its likeness before that very afternoon? As far as I was concerned a smaller edition had been on a stand at the Antique Dealers Fair at Grosvenor House—perched on the back of an elephant as a howdah, a superb piece of Meissen of about the middle eighteenth century.

This was a century when man still had some respect for time, was not trying to trick and trap time, and defeat time, but an age when the greatest cabinet-makers of Europe lavished their art on the devising of temples to enshrine time; temples in the shape of everything that was beautiful, from sailing ships to dancing girls.

The ballet proved a pretty trifle, the manner of phantasy most acceptable at Christmas time. One wondered idly during its course why all the agile people at Wimbledon did not copy the ballet and disport themselves in costumes as gay as often worn by *pelota* players?

Canned Cantos

The Daffs

I wandered lonely as a c.
I saw some daffs, and *weren't* they swell!
(Here follows a long rhapsody
Which we can live without quite well;
It harps about the daffodils—
The standard sentiments, plus frills).

And oft—for instance, after lunch—
When I sit down and close my eyes,
I sort of visualize that bunch
And trust my readers realize
I'm not just having forty winks—
I don't just sit, “I sits and thinks.”

Lord Ullin's Daughter

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, “Boatman, here's a fiver”
(T. Campbell's rhymes are quite unsound)
“To row me o'er the river.”

“This is Lord Ullin's girl. Her dad
Is dead against our marriage.
He's close behind us, hopping mad.
Buck up! I hear his carriage!”

“It blows a gale; your boat's unsound;
We cannot swim; but press on!
He did. Of course all three were drowned.
That taught Lord U. a lesson.

—Justin Richardson



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh watching the Metropolitan Police Horse Show and Tournament together with Mrs. Attlee, who is seen in the foreground, at Imber Court, Thames Ditton. The Duke of Edinburgh presented the winning rosette to Squadron Corporal-Major Thompson of the Life Guards and Princess Elizabeth presented rosettes to the winners of a tent-pegging competition. The tournament, marked by fine horsemanship, was in aid of police charities

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decoration
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

To Suit All Tastes

FOR a good many months there has been little chance to be choosy at the cinema. We have had to take our pictures as we found them and be thankful for a good one of any type whether or not it appealed to us personally. So a week which offers at least one satisfying film to most reasonable tastes seems a forgotten luxury.

For the sophisticated, the cynical, the disillusioned, for all who favour the intellectualized type of crime story there is Aldous Huxley's *A Woman's Vengeance* at the Odeon, Tottenham Court Road. I'm afraid I cannot explain why this distinguished thriller should have been put on in such a huggermugger fashion, unheralded and at an off-central Odeon. It is the film version, written by Huxley himself, of *The Gioconda Smile*, and there is little to add to Anthony Cookman's review of the play a week or two ago, since the film follows the play more closely than the story.

Mr. Hutton, the middle-aged philanderer, has become a Frenchman so that he may be played by Charles Boyer; a natural bit of star-casting, for Mr. Boyer has lost neither the has-been of the romantic idol nor the technical know-how of the actor he still is. Jessica Tandy as the woman scorned plays for sympathy (within legitimate limits), rather than as an avenging fury. It is an impressive performance, though I was disconcerted by Miss Tandy's growing resemblance to Elsa Lanchester; as I was deceived throughout the picture by the likeness of Mildred Natwick as the conventionally repressed nurse to Una O'Connor. Cedric Hardwicke's doctor is a tower of strength to the picture as well as to the plot.

The screen shows up the conventionality of the characters, and Mr. Cookman's criticism that the writing of the dialogue was too coldly intellectual for the play applies equally to the picture. But it is a relief to hear any film dialogue so cool and dry and concise. Zoltan Korda, the director who made *The Macomber Affair* so much truer in spirit to Hemingway than the usual Hollywood version, has also caught the authentic sour flavour of Huxley.

WESTERNS are Hollywood's, if not the cinema's, supreme achievement: its poetry, drama, epic and ballet. So I can't help thinking that the film of the week likely to suit most tastes

is *Fort Apache*—perhaps also because it is the most completely to my own taste: a major Western by the director of *Stagecoach*, John Ford; photography whose sweep and magnificence catch the breath; and a cast of experts handpicked as a gardener's show-blooms.

Ford is a director with a pleasing fidelity to his actors, and there is hardly one in *Fort Apache* who has not been seen in a previous Ford film, except John Agar, a personable new juvenile lead. Shirley Temple, too sophisticated an actress after her years of infant stardom to play the most ingenuous of ingenues—as a Western heroine, even a colonel's daughter, must traditionally be—seems the only gaffe in the casting. Victor McLaglen (star of Ford's *The Informer*) goes back to his Flagg and Quirt days to mingle Irish wit with horseplay as an n.c.o. John Wayne (star of *Stagecoach*) is worth his length in dollars to any Western, even one with so unenterprising a rôle for him as this.

THIS is not quite the great film *Stagecoach* was. The characters lack the same warmth. Interest is too evenly spread out among them and Colonel Thursday (Henry Fonda), the new commander of the lonely garrison, is too chilly a central figure. I do not know what grounds there may be for making the commander who betrayed and lost the Apache Indians such a short-sighted, stiff-necked martinet. Mr. Fonda gives a performance of his usual integrity; his colonel dominates the film, but cannot give it humanity.

Even the story, after the suicidal battle, ends in anti-climax, being as shapeless as history or life itself. What then of the near-great film? All this is true, but *Fort Apache* remains, in my opinion, both a work of art and an exhilarating entertainment: less a story or a drama than a moving picture, whose elements are light and sand and space, rhythm and music and horses.

Indoors and out, the real stars of *Fort Apache*, under Ford, are the cameraman and musical director, neither of whom is mentioned on my programme. Two dances in the fort have the nostalgic charm of the best musicals; and the background music, like a series of rich variations on the enchanting jogtrot jingle of *Stagecoach*, makes "horse-opera" an honourable and ancient title.

Ford's management of space, of the vastness of the Arizona desert with its prehistoric rock-formations against which he pinpoints his moving figures—singly or in a massed charge—recalls his own work in *The Fugitive* as well as in *Stagecoach*. When more directors give us films as fine as this to look at we may afford to be fussy about perfunctory plot development.

DICKENSians will, I assume, welcome *Oliver Twist* at the Odeon, Marble Arch. Being myself one of that equally numerous class unable to stomach Dickens after outgrowing the reading-aloud-in-the-nursery stage, I cannot honestly recommend the film to others who are not Dickensians by temperament, taste or allegiance.

Made by David Lean and Ronald Neame, who produced *Great Expectations*, the film is a sober, careful, beautifully lit and scrupulously sordid version—though the curtains in Bill Sikes's and Nancy's hovel look neatly tattered as though by nail scissors, and the model roof-tops of London, tucked too tightly under the dome of St. Paul's, spoil the otherwise painstaking illusion of nineteenth-century mean streets and dark alleys. As so often in a literary adaptation the best scene of all is an interpolation showing Oliver's mother fighting through the storm to the workhouse.

It is no criticism of the film then to record that I found it as depressing as the original Dickens. For the non-enthusiast, *Great Expectations* had compensations in the debut of Jean Simmons, the beautiful acting of John Mills and the tauter story. *Oliver Twist*, certified as entertainment for Adult Audiences, seems a sillier as well as more sordid male Cinderella story. John Howard Davies is a mildly touching Oliver, though surely too clean and well-spoken to have come out of that grimy workhouse. The grotesque grown-up characters are given faithful performance of competent repertory standard by our stock studio character actors. Kay Walsh's Nancy and Francis Sullivan's Bumble are the most effective, with the distinguished exception of Alec Guinness's Fagin—a real character creation by Mr. Guinness and the make-up artist, who surely deserves as much individual credit for Fagin's nose as Dunlop's were given for Miranda's tail.



H.M. Queen Mary attended the première with John Howard Davies, who plays the part of Oliver Twist



The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lawson talking in the foyer to the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes before the showing



Lady Georgiana Curzon with her mother Mary, Countess Howe were at this première at the Odeon, Marble Arch

World Première of "Oliver Twist"



DAVID LEAN The director of *Oliver Twist* has many successes to his credit, ranging from Coward's war-time epic *In Which We Serve* to *Great Expectations* which established his reputation as our foremost screen interpreter of Dickens. His wife, Kay Walsh, plays Nancy in the present film, and his partner, Ronald Neame, has been associated with him in most of his work. Lean is now on location in France directing outside scenes for Cineguild's latest, *The Passionate Friends*



Miss Mercia and the Hon. Bertram Bowyer were two who arrived early for the first showing of this brilliant British film



Mr. and Mrs. John Mills also went to the première which was in aid of the Margaret MacMillan Memorial Fund



Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, who played Mr. Bumble in the film, is with Mrs. Ronald Neame and her husband, the producer, and Mr. John Davis of the Rank Organization

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"À la Carte"
(Savoy)

APPARENTLY it is in the nature of things that the final editing of a little revue gets left to the first-night audience.

None of the many cooks—authors, composers, designers, choreographers—can be sure what will be the effect of certain items in the menu. They can cook, but they cannot taste. They require the services of an ideal consumer, and since he is like a point in pure geometry, non-existent, they are helpless.

One imagines frantic last-minute conferences. What was the original flavour of that dish which as it stands on the hot-plate is suspected (by some not actually concerned in its preparation) to have no flavour at all. It has, as everyone agrees, been improved out of all recognition, and now not even the author can remember what he intended. Still, it represents a triumph of will-power, there may be something in it, and if there isn't, after all, the thing can come out after the first night (with half a mark for a good try). Something has to come out anyway. The piece is already much too long.

This revue, I gather, has been "overhauled and strengthened." It was certainly far too long when I saw it, and some of the early sketches were so cheaply vulgar and so lacking in wit that it was hard to believe that they came from the pen

of Mr. Alan Melville, now known by his work in the three editions of *Sweet and Low* as our neatest writer of revue. It was only after half a dozen dishes had come near to spoiling the appetite that Miss Hermione Baddeley, hitherto a genial hostess with nothing to offer her guests, could begin to count on the kitchen.

With something to offer, Miss Baddeley is without a rival in the more genial reaches of burlesque. She has not the scorpion-like sting of the other Hermione, but then she makes us feel that she has studied her victims, especially if they are slightly decayed and semi-genteel ladies, in the mood in which Rupert Brooke once found "a Birmingham gouty Tariff Reform fifth-rate business man" sitting opposite him in the tram "splendid and immortal and desirable." It is so wonderful to her that these ladies should be there at all that she forgets if they are useful or moral or ugly or anything else: she sees only that they are gloriously funny.

HER best sketch in this revue is that in which a catty old girl keeps her schooltime promise to take tea every year with three other old girls. Here she is alone on the stage and never puts a crooked finger wrong. She is also very funny as the dipsomaniac mother of *Edward, My Son*, and

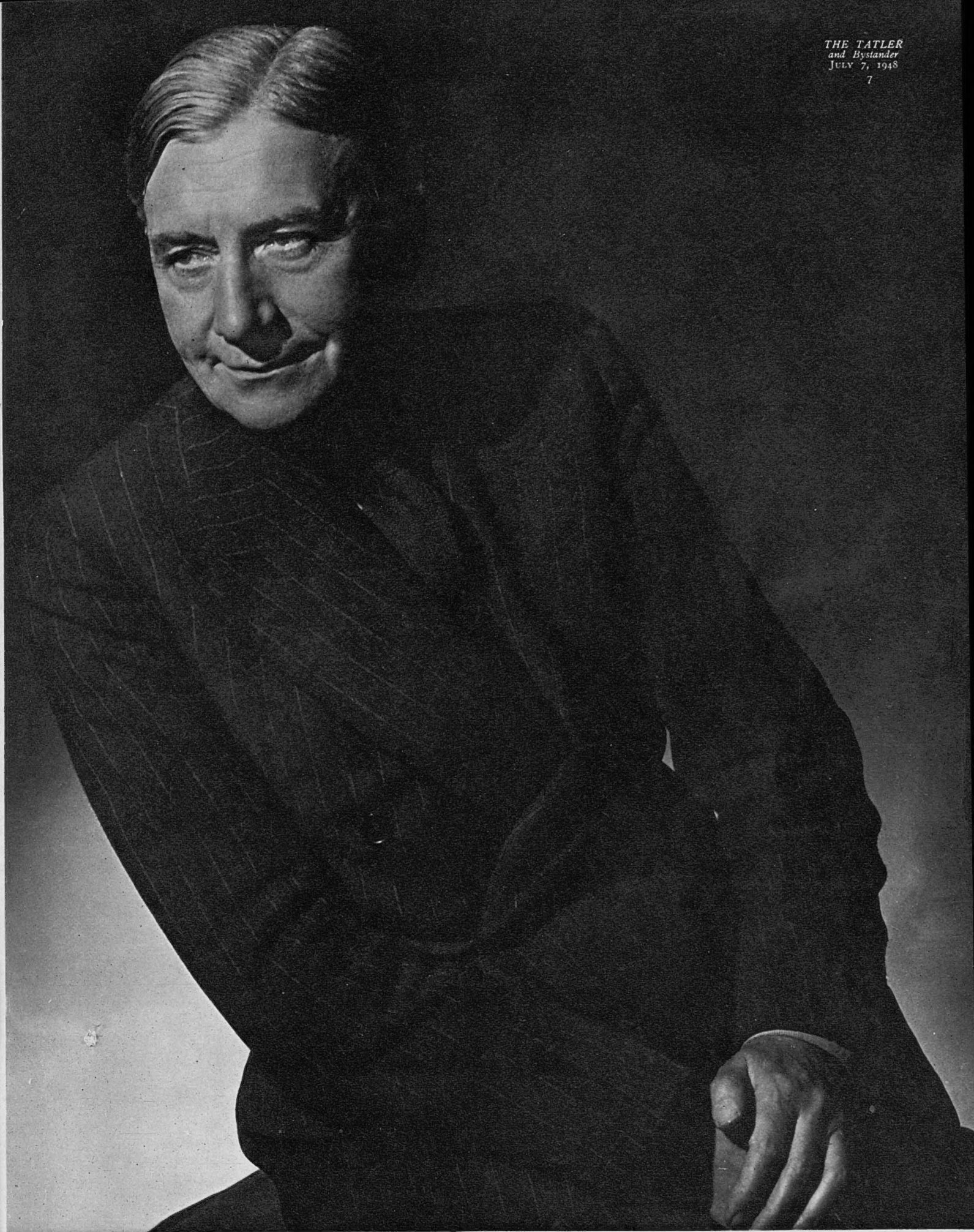
in a salacious (but "partly educational") version of Restoration comedy, made no less salacious or educational by the chance that since the cast learned their lines from a contemporary copy of the play the letter "s" is pronounced throughout as if it had been the letter "f."

MR. HENRY KENDALL partners Miss Baddeley with the modest air of being unequal to the sentimental and comic demands of revue. As a female impersonator, Her Grace launching a ship, there may be some grounds for his misgivings, but none at all when diffidently he evokes the Edwardian glories of Romano's and none when he takes his place as the old salt in the Millais painting of Raleigh's boyhood and lets himself go on pure nonsense.

Whether equal or unequal to demands, Mr. Kendall is always disarmingly amiable and we are constantly suppressing the thought that his devotion to revue deprives the legitimate stage of an excellent actor. Cappella and Patricia, dancing conventionally with that extra half ounce of energy which achieves the first-rate, greatly please the audience, and there is good mixed work by Mr. Michael Anthony, Miss Joy O'Neill and Mr. Dick Henderson, Jr.



Specialities on the Menu are Joy O'Neill in an hors d'oeuvre of Runner Beans, Henry Kendall as "Edward," a feast in himself, and Hermione Baddeley playing a tougher rôle, whilst Marcel Le Bon supplies a note of sweetness. Above, right, Kendall and Baddeley with Myrette Morven add a savoury memory of "The Relapse." Below, Cappella and Patricia display nerves of ice. Looking to port is Dick Henderson, Jr.



Photograph by Angus McBean

ANTHONY COOKMAN, like so many other writers and critics of distinction, was at one time on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose famous "corridor" has echoed the footsteps of C. E. Montague, Ivor Brown, Kate O'Brien and Neville Cardus. In 1939 he succeeded Charles Morgan as dramatic critic to *The Times*, a post which he still holds with a wise and mellow distinction. Readers of *The Tatler* since 1945 recognise his amiable wit as representing, despite its delicately deceptive mildness of approach, the shrewdest of informed opinion on all matters theatrical on the contemporary stage. A native of Wiltshire, he now resides, when duty permits, in a fifteenth-century farmhouse on the East Anglian coast

George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mr. Thomas K. Finletter, U.S. Minister for Marshall Aid in U.K.

exercised by the first chief of the E.C.A. mission in the United Kingdom. He has a wide-browed head with unflinching, watchful eyes. The precise, even lips of the Pennsylvania lawyer, whose father and grandfather were judges in the same State, relax seldom, and then into a fast-vanishing smile.

Perhaps Finletter is conscious of the meaning of his immeasurable responsibility to many millions of men, under Section 109, sub-section A, of the Marshall measure, for it says, in his underlined copy, that he has to "... assure the performance within such country of operations under this title. . . ."

HE will be housed in the main United States Chancellery, and many of the present occupants will have to depart to the various auxiliary residences to make way for part of the Marshall staff G.H.Q. It may total seventy; the Embassy's total is estimated at 800 already. But Finletter will strongly resist pressure for expansion, as he insists, "I would like quality not quantity."

First he will learn the facts here, and then discuss them with British colleagues through speedily recruited United States business-trained executives. "We have the responsibility of interpreting to the British Government the views of our Government as to what is being done." He believes firmly in co-operation, for to him the Marshall plan means, "The United States should extend aid to the participating countries on condition that they help themselves with the aid to eliminate the need for it; they will then not want it because they will not need it." Further, "It will be my task to recommend what should be done here. Any differences here will be smoothed out in the spirit befitting partners." He adds quickly, "I mean that very sincerely."

FROM Philadelphia's Episcopal school, young Finletter went to get a good arts degree at the Pennsylvania University, travelled for a year in France and England, rose to be a captain in the Field Artillery in France during the First World War. Home again, he took a law degree, served with a law firm from 1920 till 1941, lecturing in the last ten years on equity and bankruptcy at his old college. In 1941 he joined Secretary of State Hull as special assistant on economic matters, and dealt often with the British Embassy. Three years later he rejoined Coudert Brothers as partner again, till appointed to London a few weeks ago.

In the United States, Finletter is best known for his successful demand, early this year, as president of Truman's Air Policy Commission, for the increase of expenditure before December 31, 1949, by two billion six hundred million dollars. His report, *Survival In the Air*, is throughout candid in the extreme.

Hobbies? "Those conditions have not arisen yet," he says. But he may dig a bit in his quiet garden in a quiet street in Royal Kensington.

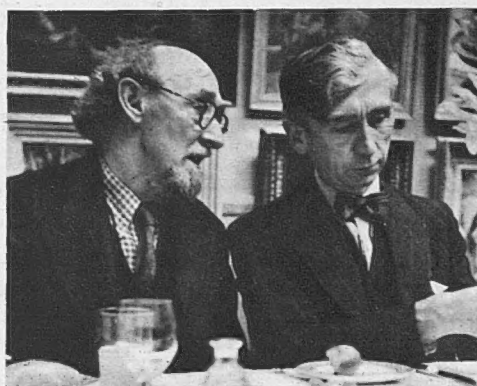
DOMINATING the barely-furnished conference room at the Marshall Aid G.H.Q. in Grosvenor Square, London, the latest U.S. Minister at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Thomas K. (for Knight) Finletter, glances purposefully across at the statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt, set amid fast-growing grass. For Roosevelt came to Britain's aid at a crucial moment.

None of the sixty ambassadors, high commissioners or ministers at St. James's wields the power, severally or jointly, which will be



The luncheon was held in the Royal Society of British Artists' galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, in which the Summer Exhibition is being held. Diners at the table in the foreground are Mrs. Marjorie Whittington (spotted dress), Mr. Christopher Hussey, Mr. John Hawksworth, M. S. Charoux, Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock, Mr. Egden, Miss M. Bean and Mr. Lawrence

The R.B.A. Summer Exhibition Luncheon



Mr. Frank Dobson, the sculptor, and Mr. Herbert Read, author and art critic



Miss Flora Robson, the actress, with Sir Edward Marsh, who has helped so many writers and artists to fame by his shrewd judgment



Mr. Charles Morgan, novelist and playwright, with Miss Ethel Gabain, the lithographer and war artist



Mr. James Laver, author and fashion expert, with Miss Pamela Brown, now appearing in "The Gioconda Smile," at the New Theatre



Tasker, Press Illustrations

Dame Edith Evans discussing the exhibits with Mr. Philip James, Art Director of the Arts Council



Brig. and Mrs. Nigel Poett were two of the 450 guests at the ball



Mr. F. Gardner, Mrs. J. Langdon, Capt. J. Langdon, M.C., and Mrs. F. Gardner. This was the second post-war ball held by the Glider Pilot and Parachute Regiments



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Adnams and Mr. Lloyd Jones pursue a quiet conversation



Miss Rosemary Charles and Capt. James Flavell were also among those present



Mrs. A. Reeves-Clark, Mrs. and Major H. J. Milman, Mrs. M. J. Tierney, Miss C. I. Johnstone, Mrs. R. W. Johnstone, Capt. R. W. Johnstone, Capt. R. B. Watson, M.C., Capt. and Mrs. J. Bunch, Lt. M. Johnson, M.B.E., Mrs. M. Johnson, and Major A. Reeves-Clark, M.C.



Miss June Day emphasises a point to Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Fiddament



Miss Stella Crawford, daughter of Lt-Gen. Sir Kenneth Crawford, with Mr. Philip Goodheart

Aldershot's "Airborne Week" Ends with a Ball at the Officers' Club

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Lt.-Gen. Sir Kenneth Crawford, wartime Director of Airborne Forces, with Major and Mrs. Tag-Pritchard



Major and Mrs. Robert Gordon at the ball, which concluded a week of displays and sports



Mrs. Daphne Hollins, the Rev. Capt. Cottan, Miss M. Astley-Cooper, Col. David Dobie, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lapage and Mrs. R. Flood



Major and Mrs. C. D. Byng-Maddick were two other guests who enjoyed this well-organised event



The King and Queen at Inverness

The King and Queen watch Mrs. John Macdonald spinning at the S.W.R.I. Stand during their visit to the Highland Show at Inverness last month

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

From Scotland: Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Margaret, received a great welcome when they arrived by train in Inverness to visit the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show in Bught Park, and to carry out other engagements in the city.

It was the first time since their Coronation that Their Majesties have been to the Highlands officially, and the first time in the history of the show, which started in 1827, that it had been visited by the reigning sovereign. After his visit the King expressed the wish that the show should in future bear the prefix "Royal."

The Royal party were met at the station by Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and president of the Highland and Agricultural Society, with Mr. Hugh Ross, the Provost of Inverness, Mr. John Cameron, the Sheriff-Principal of Inverness, and Lord Lovat, convenor of the local committee of the show.

Before they proceeded to the show-ground through flag-bedecked streets lined with cheering crowds, the King and Queen (who was dressed in mushroom pink), with Princess Margaret, dressed in periwinkle blue, visited the Town House, where they were received by the Provost, Mr. Ross, who presented his wife and his daughter Joyce. In attendance were Lady Harlech, Major Michael Adeane and Lt.-Cdr. George Marten.

ON arrival at the show they drove straight to the Royal Pavilion, where they were met once again by the "Lochiel," who made several presentations, and then started on their tour of the exhibits. Among the stalls they visited were the fine exhibit of the

Cuchullin Handloom Company, where the walls of the tent were lined with lengths of beautiful hand-made tweed. They saw Mrs. Urquhart, of Gairloch, busy at her spinning-wheel, and William Queen, who is seventy-seven years old and a skilled operator, weaving a length of Macleod tartan. Here Their Majesties met Capt. Jacko Macleod, the Member for Ross-shire, who takes a great interest in the production of these tweeds. With him on the stall was Mr. William Robertson, who was a brother officer in the Camerons and a fellow P.O.W., and now helps him in this industry. From here the Royal party went to the large stall exhibited by the Scottish Women's Rural Institutes, presided over by Mrs. Gooch, who until recently was chairman of the Scottish Institutes. Here the King and Queen and Princess Margaret watched Mrs. Mackinnon carding wool ready for spinning, and again saw wool being spun, this time by Mrs. M. S. Macdonald and Mrs. John Macdonald, who both hail from Tarbert Harris, the home of the famous Harris tweeds.

Mrs. John Macdonald was spinning wool that she had given to the Institutes, which had been grown on sheep on her farm and which she herself had washed and dyed. She told me that at home she not only spins wool but then weaves it into lengths of cloth, which she makes up into clothes for her family. On this stand there was also a well-stocked store cupboard containing every sort of "goodie," prepared by the women of the Murray and Nairn Institute.

The Royal party visited several other stalls before they went on a tour of the splendid show of farm implements, which included every conceivable necessity for use on a farm, displayed in a well-planned manner. After lunch, which they had in the Royal Pavilion, Their Majesties watched a parade of prize-winners in the show-ring and a picturesque pageant called

"The March of Time," and described as the history of agriculture from the earliest times.

IN the evening the Royal party motored out to Beaufort Castle to stay with Lord Lovat and his lovely wife, who before their marriage in 1938 was Miss Rosamund Broughton. Here they also found Lord and Lady Lovat's young family of five.

This delightful and informal visit to Beaufort must have given Their Majesties great pleasure, as they have known their host since he was a child. When he was so badly wounded with the Commandos at the time of the landings in Normandy in 1944, it will be remembered that the Queen visited him in hospital. His father, whom he succeeded in 1933, was not only a friend of Their Majesties, but also a friend of the late King George V. and his father, King Edward VII.

Next day the King and Queen and Princess Margaret visited the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, where they met the Countess Roberts, and later went on to Cameron Barracks, the depot of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, where they were received by Major-Gen. Sir James Drew, Colonel of the Regiment, and had tea before they left to catch their train for Edinburgh.

NOW a little more about the Highland Show, which drew record crowds each day.

There were so many interesting things to see that I found it difficult to fit them all into the two days I was there. The classes for Highland cattle were picturesque; magnificent beasts with their shaggy coats, parading with ferocious dignity! The president's champion medal for this breed was won by a fine year-old red bull Uallach of Achnacloich, owned by Mr. William Walker, of Foreland, Isle of Islay, and bred by Mr. T. E. Nelson at Achnacloich, in Argyllshire. Also exhibiting Highland cattle

were Lord Trent, Major John Morrison, the Member for Salisbury, Mr. Francis Walker, of Leys Castle, Lt.-Col. S. Hardie, of Ballathie, in Perthshire, Sir James Roberts, of Strathallan Castle, Mr. William Brown, of Easingwold, and the Duke of Montrose.

Among successful exhibitors in the Aberdeen-Angus classes were the Earl of Elgin, Viscount Allendale, Major J. B. Gordon-Duff, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. A. Logan, Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Sir Alfred Goodson and Mr. Michael Mason, whose wife, looking neat and business-like in a white overall, showed his heifer Judi Erica in the ring very ably to win a first prize. The Jersey championship was won by Mr. W. V. Goodbody, of Invergarry, with Snailwell Aristocrat, and the runner-up was Baroness Burton with Dochfour Una, which also won the challenge cup for the best female in the Jersey classes, while Snailwell Aristocrat won the cup presented by Lady Lovat for the best Jersey bull. Other competitors in the Jersey classes were M. J. W. McCallum, of Peebles, Baron Stackleberg, of Erchless Castle, and Sir Robert Forbes-Leith.

IN the riding classes there were not the big entries we get in the south. There were only four entries in the class for heavyweight hunters, which was won by Mr. John Dalrymple, from Balcombe, Sussex. The lightweight hunters had a better entry, and this class was won by Mrs. Cox, of Crieff, with a good-looking bay gelding. Also exhibiting in the riding classes were Lady Sylvia Inglis and Miss Judith Baillie, who is as keen on riding as her uncle, the Hon. Arthur Baillie, who was in the Life Guards and will be remembered before the war competing at the International Horse Show at Olympia.

Among those exhibiting Hill ponies, a breed we seldom see shown in the south, were Mr. George Mundell, of Muir-of-Ord, Miss Lavinia Day, Mr. Colin Campbell, of Glenshiel, and Lt.-Col. Mackenzie, of Farr, who won the championship for this breed with his splendid grey gelding Sgianach Glas.

In the children's class for ponies under 12 hands to be ridden by a boy or girl not exceeding twelve years old there was great satisfaction among the spectators when five-year-old Master Jonathan Warre was given first prize on his brown pony Mason, and his four-year-old brother Angus the second prize on his roan pony Fortnum. They trotted out of the ring in their little velvet hunting caps and tweed riding coats very thrilled and proud of the prize-winning rosettes. These little brothers are the sons of Major and Mrs. Tony Warre, of Dalcross Castle, Croy, and grandsons of the late Duke of Devonshire and the late Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Their father, who rides well, fought with the 12th Lancers during the war. I saw their mother, wearing a neat tweed suit with a pleated skirt, receiving congratulations on their success.

As I expected, there were many kilts worn by men at the show. H.M. the King wore a kilt of the Balmoral tartan, and among others wearing the traditional Highland dress were Lord Lovat, Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, whom I saw talking to Mrs. Alan Cameron, Major Alistair Campbell, who came over from Ardhuncart with Mrs. Campbell and brought his brother-in-law, Capt. Garland Emmet, and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet, and Lord Glentanar. Sir John Brooke was accompanied by Lady Brooke, Viscount Tarbat, Capt. Philip Mitford and Capt. Rory Macleod, who were off to camp with their regiments two days later. Mr. Jimmy Drummond Hay came over from Seggieden, where his wife, Lady Margaret Drummond Hay, he told me, has started a small school, which I am sure will be welcomed by parents wanting their children to enjoy a real country life out of school hours, as the Drummond Hay children do.

Also at the show I saw the Duke of Buccleuch, who was sitting outside the members' pavilion chatting to Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. David Ross and his pretty wife, Mr. Guy Snyder of the Oliver Corporation of America, the Countess of Eglinton and Winton, Sir Michael and Lady Peto with their daughter Serena, Capt. Henry Hildreth and the Hon. Mrs. Hildreth, who was riding in some of the jumping competitions.

Col. Garner Smith was there with his attractive wife, who since they returned from Oslo, where he was assistant Military Attaché, have settled in a house near Inverness, Mr. Huntley Sinclair, Margery Lady Brooke, and the Countess of Cromartie, who had motored over with friends from Tarbat, and had combined a visit to the show with a second visit to see her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Tarbat, and her first grandson, who were in a nursing home in Inverness.

THIS young man, who was then ten days old and will be christened John Ruaridh Grant Mackenzie, has caused great rejoicing in the family, as he is in direct line of succession to the Earldom of Cromartie, a title originally given to his ancestors many years ago, but attainted in 1746 from the third Earl for participation in the '45. In 1861 this baby's great-great-grandmother, the Duchess of Sutherland, wife of the third duke and the only child of John Hay Mackenzie of Cromartie, a direct descendant of the third Earl of Cromartie, was created Countess of Cromartie, Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Castlehaven and Baroness Macleod by Queen Victoria, to whom she was Mistress of the Robes and a great personal friend. These titles devolved with special remainder upon her second surviving son, Francis, father of the present Countess of Cromartie.

ALAS, I could not stay north an extra day to join in the celebrations arranged to welcome the new son and heir and his mother back to Castle Leod, but I saw the bonfires ready to be lit in the park and the



Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel. Sir Donald is President of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland

marquee erected in which to entertain tenants and friends who were coming to drink the baby's good health, also another huge bonfire, an imposing sight on the top of Cnocaula, overlooking Castle Leod, which was to be lit after dark, and would light up the countryside around for miles.

ERRATA: In a recent issue we published a photograph of Miss Patricia Boxwell at the Earl of Offaly's christening, under which she was described as Miss Patricia Lambert. Our sincerest apologies to both ladies for the inconvenience caused them, which is very much regretted.

Also to Lady Bowater and her daughters Anne and Jane, who are the wife and daughters of Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater, and not Sir Eric Bowater, as they were incorrectly described in a photograph taken on leaving Buckingham Palace. Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater was knighted at the end of 1947.



Mr. and Mrs. Francis Balfour, of Kindrogan, were visitors to the show, which was held at Bught Park, Inverness



Lord Lovat, left, talking to Major Moubray, of Naemoor, who is President of the Shorthorn Society



The Earl and Countess of Elgin were at the show. The Earl was one of the exhibitors of cattle at the show



Mr. George Grant, of Glenfarclas (left), with Lord Glentanar, the second Baron, whose seat is in Aberdeenshire

Some Personalities at the Show in Bught Park



THE TATLER
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Capt. F. S. Faber (Master), Lord Newton and Mr. J. Craig-Harvey talk over some of last season's runs. The ball was held at Cranbury Park, the home of Mrs. Tankerville Chamberlayne

THE HURSLEY HUNT BALL AT WINCHESTER



Miss Rosa Pelly, Lt.-Cdr. M. Blake, Mrs. M. Blake and Mr. Fred Pelly were another quartet who thoroughly enjoyed the evening



Lt. and Mrs. G. F. O. Alford resting at the side of the magnificently-proportioned ballroom



Miss Dorothy Hoddinott and Mr. P. Murdoch also seek a few moments' relaxation



Mrs. Tankerville Chamberlayne, the hostess, and Capt. P. French-Davis



Alderman R. C. Chambers, J.P., a prominent local figure, and Mrs. Chambers



In front: Mrs. H. R. W. Vernon, Miss A. Vernon and Mrs. J. S. Townson. Behind: Major H. R. W. Vernon, Mr. M. M. Coombs and Lt.-Cdr. J. S. Townson



Sub-Lt. D. C. Phelps and Miss Enid Chambers, two more of the many guests

Mr. A. Gray and Mrs. T. Kenyon sitting out for a cooling drink

In its beautiful setting the ball recalled the glories of Edwardian days. Cranbury Park is one of the most beautiful mansions in the country



Major Ashton with Mrs. Faber, who is the wife of the Master

Miss Daphne Beazley talking to Lt. Andrew Fuller during an interval in the dancing



Miss J. Dodgson, Capt. H. Holworthy, Miss Hope Bowser and Capt. D. A. Stainton take time off from dancing for a few minutes' refreshment



Mr. Richard Mather, Miss Solna Joel and Capt. Radclyffe at ease in a particularly charming corner of the old mansion

Winchester Win by Nine Wickets at Eton



Mr. and Mrs. Guard and Miss Angela Guard take an al fresco lunch in the car-park. Sunshine added to the gaiety



The Hon. Mrs. Peter Davies, Mr. Ruthven Davies, Cdr. Barran, Mr. Napoleon Barran and the Hon. Mrs. Barran



Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft, with Miss Fiona Thornycroft and Mr. Timothy Thornycroft, enjoying a picnic lunch



Mr. Guy Platt, Mrs. Platt, Mrs. Howard Rix, Mrs. Charles Pinckney, Mrs. Ronald Cavendish and Capt. Peter Cavendish



Mr. Wilfred Grenville-Grey, Miss Susan Grenville-Grey, Miss Ruth Wagner and Col. and Mrs. Grenville-Grey



Mrs. Vyner-Brooks and her son, Mr. V. R. Vyner-Brooks, were two of the many spectators

Priscilla in Paris Cars of Many Colours

THE Paris season is drawing to its close and very shortly will begin the exodus to Deauville, Cannes and Biarritz, where one will be able at least to sleep in the daytime, unless one happens to be the sort of simple soul who goes to the coast merely in order to enjoy the sea.

Meanwhile sleepless nights of gaiety are our lot, followed by somewhat sleepy days for those unfortunates who cannot do with only four hours' shut-eye. Many energetic young people apparently manage with even less. Their sole trouble seems to be—and this according to the sexes—an insufficiency of evening frocks and dress shirts. Given the dearth of petrol for those who ought to be served first, but so rarely are, laundries only "collect-and-deliver" once a fortnight.

Plenty of petrol, however, for the Concours d'Elégance Automobile that was twice postponed on account of the weather, and finally took place in the Bois, at Armenonville, during the worst storm we have yet enjoyed. Frocks matched cars... or was it the other way round? There were even dainty sunshades to tone with the colour-scheme, and they served, more or less efficiently, as umbrellas when the heavens opened. I was reminded of those races on the village green when competitors make the course with an umbrella in one hand and a spoon balancing a potato in the other. Only in this case the spoon was a steering-wheel.

THE Marquise de Caumont presented the most remarkable ensemble: a rose-beige frock, a claret-coloured car and a chauffeur wearing a livery to match. It was rather more bizarre than chic—one hopes the outfit will never meet a newly-tarred road or even a stray bull. Mme. Raymond Mitterand, in pale-green trimmed with yellow and a green car with yellow wheels, reminded me of Gilbert and Sullivan's "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" young man. Miss Forbes Fraser, one of our beloved Churchill's nieces, looked charming in white, and prettiest of all were Mme. Hennique with her two little daughters, all in Swiss embroidery, seated in a powder-blue car driven by a quietly garbed, immaculate chauffeur.

The fact that many smart cars presented by elegantly attired young Parisiennes were driven by really slovenly-dressed chauffeurs (one of whom had a "fag" hanging from the corner of his mouth) was severely criticised, but in this democratic age, though it is fairly easy to find good mechanics, it is not so easy to get them into livery.

I HAD the joy of lunching with C. B. Cochran this week when he was over here for a short holiday with Vivian Ellis, who tells me that *Bless the Bride* is still having record houses. This déjeuner was at the Berkeley (where we had the most divine Cantaloupe with *jambon de Parme*, an excellent hors d'œuvre), and our table was immediately surrounded by a crowd of acquaintances eager to congratulate "Sir Charles" and tell him how delighted they were to have read his name in the list of Birthday honours.

Amongst the well-wishers were Jean Tissier, that most amusing French actor; Léon Bailby, the grand old man of journalism, who carries his eighty-odd years as if he were a mere sixty-year-old; a Comtesse de Ganay (but I still don't know which), the Marquise de Polignac, Maurice Rostand, whose delightful volume of *Mémoires* has recently appeared, and Hélène Perdrière, who has won her lawsuit claiming 1,000,000 francs damages from Sacha Guitry. The court, however, reduced the 1,000,000 to 10,000 francs. A reporter called this a *succès d'estime*. I wonder.

THE famous Bal des Petits Lits Blancs, that was to have taken place this month, has been postponed to the autumn, thanks to Léon Bailby, who, until the war, always organised the whole affair and made it the brilliant function it is. He will again take command, and for this we are grateful, since it means that all the pre-war amenities will be observed, so that we have another marvellous evening to look forward to.

Paris is slowly returning to the splendours and good manners of the past. Even at the huge Fair that took place this week at the Tuileries gardens, the crowd that rolled up in its thousands in order to gape at all the celebrities of the stage and screen were well ordered and well dressed. It neither pushed nor scrambled unduly to cheer M. Mitterand, who opened the proceedings, or to watch Annabella sell gingerbread pigs with pink sugar eyes, Charles Boyer just back from the States, Noel-Noel loading rifles at the shooting gallery, Yvonne Printemps at the flower-stall, and enjoy so many other big and little thrills too numerous to mention.

Voilà!

● Two convicts working in the outdoor labour squad of a French prison managed to exchange a few words. "What are you in for?" asked No. 1. "Ten years' hard" for robbing the cashier of the Dupont bank," was the reply. "And you?" "Twenty years," answered No. 2, "I'm Dupont!"

I regret that I cannot write of the Grand Steeple at Auteuil, but too much rain and too little petrol quered my best intentions where racing on the outskirts of Paris is concerned. Transports here are no longer a matter of delight.



Earl Mountbatten on arrival at Northolt Airport, with the Countess, H.E. Mr. Krishna Menon, Indian High Commissioner to Britain (right), and Mr. Shanmukhan Chetty, Indian Finance Minister, in London for sterling talks

EARL MOUNTBATTEN RETURNS FROM INDIA

The last Viceroy of India, and first Governor-General of the new Dominion, recently returned to Britain by air after accomplishing a task of immense delicacy with conspicuous ability and courage



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, nephew of the ex-Viceroy, chatting at the airport with Earl Mountbatten's daughters, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Brabourne. It was the Duke's first appearance as personal A.D.C. to the King



The Governor and Lady Anderson in the patio of the convent with their grandchildren



Lady Anderson, whose father is an eminent Civil Servant, consulting with a visitor

"The Catler" pays a visit to—

THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR IN HIS FORTRESS HOME



Nicky and Penny leave a visitor in no doubt of his welcome

THE Governor of Gibraltar has traditionally been a high-ranking Army officer since the capture of "the Rock" by combined British and Dutch forces in 1704, for its status then fixed has remained—that of a fortress. The present Governor, Lt.-Gen. Sir Kenneth Anderson, K.C.B., M.C., was the distinguished commander of the First Army in the North African invasion. General and Lady Anderson live in a former convent vacated by Franciscans in 1704, and in what is now the ballroom Lady Anderson runs a weekly clinic for Service mothers and children. Both she and Sir Kenneth are often to be seen shopping informally along the main street. As Governor, the General is faced with the housing of a civil population of 24,000 in a little over two square miles, besides 5,000 British Service men with their families. During the Spanish Civil War and World War Two, thousands of Gibraltarians who had lived in Spain decided to return to the colony, increasing the population one-third. To meet the emergency, large blocks of flats are being built, for whose building a loan of a million pounds has been raised. The annual interest is paid by a Government lottery, the only one sanctioned by the House of Commons



The patio makes an excellent playground for the children



The late Sir Reginald Gamble, the
an A.D.C. in an upper corridor



The highly-polished keys of the fortress being placed
before the Governor's seat at the dining-table



A sentry paces before the main entrance to the
convent, while the orderly waits for messages



and, but Lady Anderson interrupts
for a photograph



His Excellency the Governor at his desk in Government House. Before coming to Gibraltar he
was C.-in-C. of the East Africa Command



"... Naturally 18th-century golfers had less mental trouble ..."

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

IF you look up the ever-fascinating pages of *Who's Who* you will find, under the name of an eminent Brook Street laryngologist recently dead, the following claim to a niche in our rough Island story:

"Stopped whistling for cabs; brought first and successful action at Marlborough Street station against Claridge's Hotel."

That was in 1916, and we may be grateful to Mr. William Lloyd, FRCS, who polished Caruso's tonsils; though the cab-whistling which once made the London night hideous would sound like a fairy's whisper amid Auntie Progress's present symphony.

On a recent train-journey from the North we noted that the uproar made by female voices bawling continuously through loudspeakers at every big station varies slightly. At York it was a wellbred BBC drawl ("Hello, hello, hel—lo !"), seemingly about to suggest dropping in on the stationmaster for a dry Martini about 6.30, if that wasn't too terribly boring. At Grantham a nice cosy contralto gave out the trains just like Mother. Otherwise the noise was hellish, and for all one could catch of its trend, those sweethearts might be reciting from the *Liun-Iu* of Confucius. You pipe up and say there are probably types who love it. All right, then. Carry on, beautifuls.

Chum

OBSEVING the glum despair of citizens trailing out of the Zoo gates the other evening, morosely clumping their offspring, we deplored the extinction of all the really interesting animals in the world—e.g., the unicorn, the phoenix, the griffin, the wyvern, the cockatrice, and above all the porphyryion, whom we greatly miss.

The tender-hearted porphyryion, a kind of four-footed bird, had the gift of instantly detecting infidelity in his owner's wife; on discovering which he would run weeping to his beloved owner and die of pure compassion on that injured breast. Hence you'd hardly find the porphyryion in a Mayfair pet-shop, though he could never embarrass Fellows of the Zoological Society, whose wives are not only beautiful but good.

They also (a celibate F.Z.S. told us last week) have to pass colour-tests, like sailors, for the simple reason that an F.Z.S. in gala-uniform bending low at dusk and viewed from behind is difficult to distinguish from the Mandrill, whose rearward colour-scheme is one gorgeous tropic blaze of blue-and-crimson, and whose hands likewise brush the ground. A sharp poke with an umbrella, added this F.Z.S., merely increases the noise and confusion. Oh, I am so sorry! (*Chatter, chatter, chatter.*) This story may be a lie.

Hotcha

ASTRONG detachment of exiled Cymry from the United States being expected to attend the next National Eisteddfod, we long (as often before) to see those live-wires

take over the whole Gorsedd Ritual, which at present is not only foolish but dull.

Instead of the spectacle of a gaggle of respectable pastors ambling selfconsciously round in pseudo-Druidic nighties of German design one might then expect a real quickfire show. Opening Chorus of Druids, in honour of the illustrious bard Taliesin, and in swingtime:

Taliesin! Taliesin!

He's the guy that keeps 'em guessin',

When those Druids start that good old Gorsedd Glide!

Hear 'em yellin' Yip-i-addy,

When they sing "Hen Wlad fy Nhaddy,"

With a shot of "Men of Harlech" on the side! ...

That half-hearted business of the Arch-Druid and the Sword of Peace, again, could yield a lot of unexpected sacrificial amusement. "Guess that fooled you boys some," the genial Arch-Druid would say at length, wiping his gory blade. "But look who's here, for Heaven's sakes!" Enter Miss Oklahoma City 1948 in a swimsuit with a goodwill message in Basic Welsh from the bard Izzy Fibbleheimer. Quick-change act of Druids into cowboys. Parade of bathing-beauties. Rodeo. Singfest. Fish-fry. ... Get cracking, Wilkes-Barre (Pa.).

Halo

BOASTING that the peerage is thoroughly democratised and simultaneously exploiting the word "peer" as a front-page glamour-headline, some of our vivacious Fleet Street brethren (whom God preserve) seem the merest trifle inconsistent, unless we err?

There was a time, not so distant, when such a headline as "PEER'S AUNT-BY-MARRIAGE IN DUSTBIN" had a definite excitement-value. Today an apathetic Race is so used to discovering that Lord Wyvern of Rampingtowers is honest old Alf Guffin of the National Scug-Rivettors' Union that we doubt if it would feel a thrill if fifty relatives of the current nobility were collected in lorries and dumped on Barking Creek. We take no sides in this matter. *Je ne crie pas, je constate*, as the Parisian thinker said when his wife's mother fell off the Eiffel Tower. We merely feel the Press boys concerned should choose finally between Edwardian glamour and Neo-Georgian democracy, which don't mix. (End message.)

Recipe

GOLFERS live longer than human beings, a health expert has announced, with that customary air of enunciating a startling novelty. And why on earth not?

Smollett fans will recall that group of golfers, each over 80 years old, whom Jerry Melford met on the links at Leith. Says young Mr. Melford:

They were all gentlemen of independent fortune, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly.

Naturally 18th-century golfers had less mental trouble. What shortens the modern golfer's life—relatively speaking—is the fearful intellectual strain of deciding in a crisis between a No. 7, a No. 11 and a No. 39. As Smollett's old claret-bellies went round with two clubs only—so a Scots antiquary assures us—there were no anguished conferences with caddies at every third stroke.

Nor, having reeled off to bed, did they wake at 3.30 a.m. crying in a mucksweat that if they'd only taken a No. 21 B at the dog-leg they'd have done the 12th in 4 and won a hideous silver cup.

Even with all this perpetual spiritual conflict golfers live long. Often, indeed, too long, as their wives and concubines agree.

Macabre

LOVERS of that earliest and best of secret-service thrillers, *The Riddle of the Sands*, may have noted sympathetically that the locals of Norderney are reported to be having a thin time at the moment.

Norderney is the largest and only relatively civilised island, with big hotels and kiosks and bandstands, in that chain lying off the sandy shallows of East Friesland, and is where treacherous Lieutenant X., alias Dollmann, late of the Royal Navy, a spy in the Kaiser's service, had his villa, in the Swanallée. Date, round about 1900, in the

Arcadian days when there was no nonsense about passports for foreign travel and everybody dressed for dinner and there was nobody in the Foreign Office but the caretakers after the grouse-season opened.

One frightful episode in this classic is generally skated over tactfully by modern commentators:

We had made a long and painful toilette that morning, and felt quite shy of one another as we sculled towards the pier in much-creased blue suits, conventional collars, and brown boots.

Brown boots. Chaps of birth and education in the Foreign Office then wore brown boots with blue suits. We leave you with that very disturbing thought and pace delicately on.



"Peer's Aunt-by-Marriage in Dustbin"



Four of the guests at this successful ball: Mr. and Mrs. Archer, Mme. Miodownik and Mr. Hedley Parker



Mr. David Lloyd George, Miss Anna Owen, Mr. Charles Ensell and Miss Mary Ensell were also among the company



Miss E. Fowell and Mr. R. O. Meade-King take an interval for refreshment

The May Week Ball at Jesus, Cambridge



Miss M. Goodyear and Mr. Paul Melliush were two of the many couples who enjoyed the excellent programme of dances



Mr. A. M. Chayne and Miss Webley have a discussion over coffee



Mr. E. B. Wright, Miss Rees and Mr. R. L. Blackadder share an amusing reminiscence



Miss J. Briggs and Mr. Julian Crace also decided on a well-earned rest between the dances



Mr. R. E. Surtees, Miss J. Houghton-Fawkes, Miss Yvonne Holliday and Sir Henry Lawson-Tancred, who is the tenth baronet



Miss D. Smyth, Mr. M. Rogers, Miss P. Read and Mr. J. Woodford leaving the ballroom for an interval in the open air

Scoreboard

THE VOICE AND THE GOLFER



A STRANGE tale reached my outsize ears the other day, reported by an unimpeachable eye-witness—it is all too long since an eye-witness was impeached—from a place not ten thousand miles from the United States, nor from this happy Island either.

A member of one of those Golfing Circuses that now roam this staggering old world was in the act of putting, when a Voice spoke. Of what, who knows? Possibly of an electric oven at home, left on at Full, and of the latest consistency and magnitude of its contents; possibly of Mr. Molotoff's childhood; or bi-metallism; or the effect of temperate rain on the artificial fruit in ladies' hats: no matter; a Voice spoke. And the Golfer missed his putt. Not easily, as you and I, with generous error, miss putts; but only just, and after an all-in bout between cup and ball.

And the Golfer walked smartly across the green to the Voice, which had doubtless already forgotten all about the oven and Mr. Molotoff and bi-metallism and temperate rain and was equally prepared to forget all about the putt, and the Golfer said: "Look here, I've a good

mind to bust you one on the jaw. We golfers play for money, and that putt may be going to cost me 4,000."

I'M not sure whether the 4,000 was pounds or dollars or Escudos. I'm not the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I am sure about the intention to bust on the jaw. Well, while the Golfer was making up his mind, his partner, ever a man to follow the vogue, went and missed his putt also. So the Golfer, a sympathetic bloke in his way, started in again, and he said: "Look here, I've a good mind," etc.; but, as it was one round of golf and not of a Supporting Bout, he swallowed three times and made for the next teeing-ground, trailing steam.

There, because his muscles were not in that Utopian state of rhythmic co-ordination-cum-relaxation which he had advised in his latest book on the game, he topped his drive, 85 yards into a semi-cactus bush. So, handing his driver to a hitherto unencumbered bystander, he went back to find the now dimmer and more elusive Voice, and shouted: "Look here, I've a good," etc.

AT this juncture, as they say in carpentering, the Golfer's wife recognised her cue and said: "For the luvva-mike, can it"; alternatively "Remember your blood-pressure and what happened to Uncle Henry." And the Golfer answered: "Look here, I've a," etc. And so the game went on; and goes on. What is the

solution? Either spectators or golf must go. But there is a middle way:—

*If you want to punch some noses
Every time you miss a putt,
Think of mother, and the roses
Round the old ancestral hut.*

*Do not kick the poor spectator
Just because you've missed the pelf;
Take a run, my old pertator,
Take a run and kick yourself.*

ON Thursday it will be ten years to the very day of the month since the last Manchester Test Match between England and Australia was never started. The captains, W. R. Hammond and D. G. Bradman, did not even toss for innings, nor announce their precise teams. Noah would have sympathised with the scene.

But, be she dark or fair, Manchester is one of my loves; in hospitality unsurpassed. Only at Manchester can be enjoyed the brave and genial wit of Harry McKechnie, Printer to that University whose Athletic Union, not unassisted by the famous goalkeeper Len Langford, devises and executes most ingenious and Lucullan entertainment. And, if all else fails, there is always the statue of Mr. Cobden; to say nothing of Mr. Bright.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

EMMWOOD'S

WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 6)

A highly-strung species, whose ruling desire for a quiet life is constantly being thwarted by violent trumpet blasts and sundry detonations

ADULT MALE: General colour above ruddy-fulvus, ruddier when roused by an older bird; beak predatorily curved, much used for prōdding into matter of a nautical nature; mandibles blue, heavily tufted to the rear; neck feathers white and stiff; body feathers dark blue, gaily, though oddly, crested with golden growth on the left scapula: the bird is often to be found with a trailing appendage which, in the case of the younger birds, has an odd little habit of finding its way between the bird's legs; shanks blue; feet black and leathery: the bird is most uncertain on its feet, giving one the impression that its left foot knoweth not what its right one doeth.

HABITS: This pathetic, though industrious, little member of the Warrior Warbler genus, in spite of its painstaking endeavours to please, has a most peculiar habit of annoying, to the point of exasperation, the senior members of its species. The bird will perch for many hours in one position; at this time it is most graceful to look upon. At other times, roused by the shrill call of an older bird, the Harassed Hornpiper will utter its startled little cry, a kind of—"Wothoomesir-Wyiwaserer"; it will then proceed to move, frantically, in all directions at once; until balked by a bulkhead or other nautical nastiness, where it proceeds to flounder. Only the rapid and oft-repeated quaffing of great draughts of sanguinary sustenance, or tots of a very rum nature, will return the bird to its normal sangfroid—and roosting.

HABITATS: Although the Harassed Hornpiper is, strictly speaking, a sea bird, and is to be found nesting in the drier places of the larger sea-going leviathans, the more interesting members are to be found nesting quietly—as is the way with this species—in any of the establishments that are to be found, gracefully decaying, in the coastal areas where ships put out to sea. The bird has been observed, flitting furtively about, in the sub silentio precincts of Whitehall.



The Harassed Hornpiper—or Admiral's Shore Lark

(Pincgins-Ansealinwax)



Tasker, Press Illustrations

Westminster School Play the Forty Club on their Vincent Square Ground

The Forty Club team : A. Sandham, F. L. G. Crawshaw, E. P. Hendren, N. J. Andrews, I. A. R. Peebles, A. E. G. Baring, R. H. Twining (captain), E. S. Snell, A. Kempton, S. R. Lang, D. J. Knight

Westminster School, who drew the game with the Club : R. T. Robinson, C. F. Kingdon, R. Pitamber, D. M. Steward, C. J. Lummis, N. P. Lee, D. L. Almond, D. J. P. Wade, J. R. Wall (captain), C. C. P. Williams, S. L. H. Clarke

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

EVEN dominated as we are in the world of sport by two countries, it is to be feared that there is much worse to come if the eminent broadcasters from America are to be believed.

We hear of dignified politicians snake-dancing, blowing tin trumpets, ringing muffin bells and waving little flags on the way to the hustings, and since, from that very day when our office-boys stopped wiping their noses on the backs of their hands and saying : " Yessir ! " and adopted the more picturesque " Oh yeah ! " and " Sez you ! ", we have slavishly copied everything from the U.S.A., the conclusion is forced upon us that at our own next elections we shall find our legislators *in esse* and *in posse* doing exactly the same as their sprightly confrères across The Ditch.

Vivid and disturbing mind-pictures rise up of our Foreign Secretary and the Leader of the Opposition heading herds of snake-dancers with Mr. Morrison, Mr. Quintin Hogg, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Oliver Stanley, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and the like raising Cain and making the welkin ring with their yells and bells and whistles, until they arrive breathless and beached at the ballot boxes. If a newly-organised Upper House follows suit, things may not be quite so devastating, for it is possible to imagine My Lords Salisbury, Halifax, Vansittart, Addison, Woolton, and even Samuel imparting a measure of grace, and even daintiness, to the snake-dance ; but the other picture is " mos' sho'ly " petrifying.

From a Friend " Down Under "

CAPTAIN REX SMART, so well known in happier days than these in the polo, hunting and racing worlds in this country, sends me a most interesting and chatty letter about sport in general in Australia, where he has been for some years training his own horses mainly at a place called Menangal, in New South Wales—remote, so I gather, from the very busy hum of the rest of the racing world, which seems to be all Australia, for, like cricket, racing is almost a religion, and the results of even the trials, which are run in colours, are published in the papers.

Rex Smart says that everyone bets like blazes, and there are some plungers almost of the Mad Marquess type ! However, I think it is best to let my friend speak for himself, and I feel sure that a whole host of his old pals in this distressed country will be interested. He starts off like this :

DEAR SABRETACHE—It is a good many years since I've written to you. I still look forward to your weekly articles in THE TATLER. I thought perhaps you might be interested in a few sporting items from " Down Under. " I've given up training as

I've got a bit long in the tooth ; besides being 40 miles away from Sydney, and the petrol situation is pretty acute. As you are aware, all the work here is done on the public courses under the watch, which they have reduced to a fine art in these parts. They have a very good plan, each week putting on what are called Barrier Trials. They are well organised, as jockeys ride in colours and stipendiary stewards and official starters supervise.

I had a great advantage when training, being a lone hand in the country, with the result my winners were always at a good price. All times of gallops, etc., are published in the papers, so the people are well primed with the doings of the horses at various tracks. All the boys ride Tod Sloan fashion and are all fairly good horsemen. To me it is marvellous that there are not more accidents, as the fields always bunch owing to the small tracks. They have some very excellent young stock, and in most cases legs of iron. They need them, as they have to stand up to an enormous amount of galloping. Dick Wootton once told me that they must have double the work that one gives an English horse.

It is very difficult to get any animal acclimatised from the old country. I had several sent out and had no success with them. The food question is, I think, mainly responsible. It is very difficult to get proper hay except from New Zealand. They use the

oat hay, long stalks with the seed in its natural state. Between ourselves, the trainers are the worst feeders I've ever seen.

Monro is the leading jockey—a great rider, perhaps as good as Gordon Richards. He is a strong finisher with excellent hands and is a great judge of pace. There is talk of him going to England. Nizair looks the most promising sire—Hiraji, Melbourne Cup winner, was by him. Most of his progeny are winning races, especially when their colour is grey. Out here one rarely sees one of this colour.

The owners and trainers race their young animals far too early and don't give them time to mature, otherwise there would be some more Bessboroughs and Shannons. The handicapping is fantastic. One could count the odds-on horses on your fingers. The bookmakers are, in my opinion, the most fearless bettors I've ever come across. The betting is immense. It is quite ordinary to see many £1000 ready-money bets on just the ordinary races. I should say that 80 per cent. of the people indulge in S.P., which is illegal ! I think Australia must be classed as the greatest race-loving public in the world. On a big event everybody stops work as a matter of course and goes to the nearest wireless to " listen-in. "

Ascot and " The Aussies "

THE former will be as dead as the Dodo by the time these notes are out, but not the latter, for Don's Duck was only just a little ground-bait. At Ascot we got exactly what we expected in the " Oats " Stakes, and it may be a long time before we can overtake and defeat this break which these well-bred and well-fed French stayers have got upon us. Only Sayajirao's Hardwicke stopped the total eclipse, and he fairly and squarely stemmed the Norman Invasion.

Over the short distances we held our own, but until it is discovered that breeding for speed alone is not the best policy, things are bound to go on as we saw Arbar and others make them go, and our much-needed money will be taken away from us. *En passant*, congratulations to Mr. Blagrave and Master Vote upon the Hunt Cup record, and to Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan upon the possession of another bit of greased lightning, Abernant, the Chesham winner. We need not pay any regard to the times for either of these races, for the course was slow.

The main hope—a somewhat flimsy one, it is to be feared—is that by better feeding, fewer nerve-racking sprint races, and by breeding for stamina, we may get back to the place in which we were once supreme.

As to the bat-and-ball game, we know only too well by now what a high-class batting side we have against us. As Australia almost absorbs our horizon at the moment, I thought it appropriate to publish some things that have come to me straight from Horsetralia's Mouth.

BRIGGS—by Graham



Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Who Has Seen the Wind"

"Wonderful Mrs. Marriott"

"British Chess"

"Moscow Murder"

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) is literature, out of Canada. It has the merit of being a non-literary book—a book vital from the first to the last page, un-selfconscious, at no point weighted down by roundabout, wordy passages.

Clean through its pages blows a sheer sense of life. Life, specifically, in a small Saskatchewan town, set like an island in an ocean of prairie; and life, chiefly, seen through the eyes of a small boy. But also, by implication, life in general—the perpetual mystery and drama of so-called "ordinary" existence. There is poetry here—the poetry of the prairie, its vastness, its changing seasons and changing light—but also, the poetry inherent in small, day-to-day, domestic, routine things. To perceive life seems to me to be the function of literature. Only rare books, these days, arrive at fulfilling that.

The author of *Who Has Seen the Wind* is Saskatchewan-born W. O. Mitchell—who, in the course of his thirty-three years, has put in some adventurous times in Europe before getting down to writing as a profession. This has been, I imagine, all to the good: I hold with G. K. Chesterton's theory that it is necessary to have been round the world before you can see the home from which you set forth. To be a good writer about one's native country involves, I feel certain, having got right out of it at one or another time. Familiarity may not breed contempt, but it does breed a sort of blindness.

Whether the prairie-girt little town in this story is Weyburn, Saskatchewan, from which Mr. Mitchell hails, one cannot know. But of two things one may be fairly certain: he has been away—hence the intensity of his long-distance vision—and he has (at least in imagination) come back: hence the intimacy, the close-upness to be felt in the writing of *Who Has Seen the Wind*.

THE central character in the story, the character upon whose consciousness so much is reflected, is the boy Brian, Scotch-Irish son of Gerald O'Connell, druggist. In his short preface, Mr. Mitchell says: "In this story I have tried to present sympathetically the struggle of a boy to understand what still defeats mature and learned men—the ultimate meaning of the cycle of life. To him are revealed in moments of fleeting vision the realities of birth, hunger, satiety, eternity, death." I admit that if I had read this preface before reading the novel, I might have been a little bit frightened off: as it was, I had come to the end, and had felt—which was an experience—the cumulative effect of Brian O'Connell's story before I turned back to the start to see what the aim

had been. I am not sure that the character in this book is not, actually, the prairie itself. We open with it in summer, close with it in winter—meanwhile, several years of a child's existence have supervened. I think it must need genius to convey space, land and light: such genius this author, happily, has. But he is also a good novel-technician: never does he leave us confronting great open spaces for too long; he is always bringing us back again into the heart of the self-contained, prosaic little town, humming with its own business, its gossip, its local politics, its domestic dramas.

THE opening passage (which I must cut to quote) is a good example of Mr. Mitchell's method—rather like, surely, the opening sequences of a well-made film?

Saskatchewan prairie. It lay wide around the town, stretching tan to the far line of the sky, clumped with low buck brush and wild rose bushes, shimmering under the late June sun and waiting for the unfailing visitation of wind, gentle at first, barely stroking the long grasses and giving them life; later, a long, hot gusting that would lift the black top soil. . . .

But for now, it was as though a magnificent breath were being held; still puffs of cloud were high in the sky. . . .

Over the prairie, cattle stood still as the clouds, listless beside the dried-up slough beds which held no water for them. Where the snow-white of alkali edged the course of the river, a thin trickle of water made its way toward the town low upon the horizon. . . . A clotting of frame houses inhabited by some 1800 souls, the town had grown up on either side of the river from the seed of one homesteader's sod hut built in the spring of 1875.

Now it was made up largely of frame buildings with high, peaked roofs, each with an expanse of lawn in front and a garden in the back; they lined avenues with prairie names. . . . Lawn sprinklers sparkled in the sun; Russian poplars stood either side of Sixth Street. Five houses down from MacTaggart's corner stood the O'Connell home. . . . A blue baby carriage and a tricycle with its front wheel sharply turned stood in the middle of the walk.

AND, indoors, Brian, under the breakfast-table, pretending to be an ant. He has no one to play with; his nose is out of joint—the whole household is fussing about the baby's illness. He is an aggressive, vital, quicksilver little boy, particularly irritated by his grandmother; in fact, no angel. His adventures are to begin from this afternoon, and we are to share them, seeing through his eyes. His friends Forbsie and Artie, and his puppy, are to be our familiars.

At the same time, this is not primarily a story

Bernardino Molinari: a study in expressions as the famous conductor of the Augusteo Orchestra, Rome, who will be seen at the Edinburgh Festival, takes his players through a new work. He was prevented through illness from fulfilling his engagement at the London Musical Festival, Haringay



Lady Stern, wife of Lt.-Col. Sir Albert Stern, with Mrs. Jessica de Pass, selling emblems outside the Dorchester on Alexandra Rose Day

about a childhood: we get to know more about the grown-up characters—Gerald O'Connell and his wife Maggie, Sean the prairie farmer, Mrs. MacMurray the grandmother, Mr. Hislop the Presbyterian minister, Digby the schoolmaster—than a child could know. The social life of the town—dominated by fearsome Mrs. Abercrombie of the velvet chairs and the bridge-parties—becomes so real that we seem to live it ourselves. The scenes in church and scenes in the school are exciting. Throughout, Mr. Mitchell sheds an illumination, which could be uncanny were it not so homely, on to and through his people. And, the elemental is always just round the corner; for instance, the dust storm, darkening the town at noon.

For town-bred Brian, the prairie is personified by Young Ben, the cryptic vagrant boy with the strange eyes. Old Ben, or rather "the Ben," is a savage comedy-character: we have that fine scene where he almost blows up the church. No, there is nothing wishy-washy about this novel: much that is in it is sharp-edged, with a nice tartness of flavour. Decidedly, *Who Has Seen the Wind* is an achievement: to read it is like breathing prairie air.

JOSEPHINE BELL'S *Wonderful Mrs. Marriott* (Longmans; 9s. 6d.) is a no less wonderful portrait of a type. "Every-one," says the wrapper, "knows a Mrs. Marriott." Quite true. Our heroine is one of those aged indomitables who fly their flag to the last—ridiculous, heroic or pathetic, according to how you see them. The opening sentence of this novel perfectly sets the tone: "When Mrs. Marriott was in her seventy-sixth year she changed the colour of her hair from a rather streaky pinkish auburn to a uniform glossy black."

With that act, the rest of her is in keeping. Unintimidated by war, Mrs. Marriott continues to inhabit her cosy little Kensington house, looked after by one devoted elderly maid. She ignores blitzes, packs Red Cross parcels, goes to theatres, has a congenial circle of friends, keeps a flower-filled drawing-room. Her attitude to her two middle-aged children, Ralph, the professional soldier, and Ella, the schoolmaster's wife, is kindly but decidedly patronising: she feels she has most in common with Susan, her pretty young granddaughter. She sees through Ralph's wife, handsome, worthless Daphne, with a sharp but quite dispassionate eye. She keeps up a regular correspondence with a confidant of her younger days, Mrs. Cookson, and has a somewhat dreary protégée called Virginia Crewe, whom she rings up when nothing better offers. She dresses youthfully but well. She likes her little comforts, and it is marvellous how many she has retained.

To such ladies, the adjective "wonderful" is sometimes affectionately, sometimes sardonically applied. Mrs. Marriott has been presented to us by Miss Bell with a scrupulous fairness, that is, in the long run, winning. Admirable our heroine may not be: engaging, emphatically, she is. (Myself, I find her in many ways admirable too—she is thoroughly stylish; she preys on no one; she is an elderly, female "gay cavalier.")

In this novel, the gallant if flighty last months of her life are chronicled—the rest of the plot consists of the fortunes of her friends and relations: cleverly, Miss Bell so handles her minor characters as to throw her heroine into stronger relief. Poor little Susan's bleak wartime

courtship contrasts with the grandmother's rosy-romantic memories of her own youth, Daphne's squalid intrigues in the St. John's Wood flat with the very much more dashing and lush affairs of Mrs. Marriott's former Edwardian circle.

Mrs. Marriott has one very pleasant trait: she does not disparage her juniors (apart from being annoyed with her daughter Ella for looking dowdy and allowing herself to "spread"), she sincerely regrets they should not have a better time. She has, however, scant patience with what she considers nonsense. Is she, herself, living in a world of illusion? Perhaps. There is one fact she cannot and will not face—the fact that, soon, she must leave the party. Hoping for reassurance, she goes from doctor to doctor: it is up to them to tell her anything but the truth. It is typical of Mrs. Marriott that her collapse should come about, finally, in her drawing-room, among the gay chintz furniture and bric-a-brac. Her last conscious act is to turn on all the lights.

There is something bracing and decent about this novel: throughout *Wonderful Mrs. Marriott* one finds not one cheap laugh, not one sentimental sigh. The story flows at an easy speed, and makes good reading.

"BRITISH CHESS" is a recent, and notable, addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 5s.). Though the author, Kenneth Matthews, describes himself as a "second category player," he has met over the board several of the masters whose achievements he chronicles here. His knowledge of his fascinating subject is, evidently, profound: he has produced in these pages what amounts to a study of the science of chess,

as a base for the history of British chess-playing. At the same time, he so clearly words what he has to say that the book should be comprehensible for the ignoramus.

"Chess," Mr. Matthews says, "is the pure form of the intellectual struggle." He stresses, in a very interesting passage, the sheer staying-power necessary for a long match. He analyses the other qualities which must be brought to the game; though he does, also, show what wide temperamental differences have existed between different master-players. French, Russian, German and American techniques are, in passing, studied (he has interesting remarks to make on the high celebrity status of the chess champion in the Russia of to-day). But, of course, his main subject is the game in this island. Our greatest chess period, apparently, was the second half of the nineteenth century; however, Mr. Matthews considers the general level of play to be higher now. He gives us the scores of a number of famous games.

"MOSCOW MURDER" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) is another excellent Bernard Newman thriller, once again featuring "Papa Pontivy." The original murder, in a Moscow hotel, sets off the narrator and his canny French colleague on a whizzing conspiracy-hunt—to and fro between the Soviet capital, charnel post-war Berlin, Washington, London and around Central Europe. The reader must keep his wits about him. Myself, I was sorry to be whisked away from Moscow so early on: Mr. Newman's descriptions of life there (though thrown in purely in parenthesis) were colourful.

Winifred Lewis on Fashions

ROYAL ASCOT 1948 left me with a feeling of depression not all attributable to the eccentricities of the runners. At Fashion's big Day Out one looks for confirmation that British clothes have ceased to provide the foreigner with a perennial joke to go with the one about cabbage. Though I am the staunchest opponent of such humour and ready to mount my soap-box with chapter and verse in defence of British Fashion, I own to a silent prayer at Ascot that overseas visitors might be so preoccupied with the horses as to overlook what many of the representatives of English Elegance were wearing.

Whilst allowing that tradition permits the occasion a little overstatement in the fashion sense, one finches from the impact of so many clothes which, in straining after the sensational, have succeeded only in estranging themselves from standards of good taste.

As always, the most successful toilettes were those which depended upon restraint in the conception of line and on colouring most suitably adapted to the pleasantries of the background. In this sense her Majesty the Queen and the Princesses set for the occasion impeccable standards of grace. Her Majesty's outfit of orchid pink, so delicately attuned to the beauty of Ascot's green sward, was a refreshment to the eye and a salutary lesson in simple elegance.

SHOES have been in the news this last week while manufacturers have been giving their pre-views of styles and materials designed for the autumn.

The new Joyce range, which will be coming into the stores within a few weeks from now, sets out ingeniously to adapt the practical and popular wedge for which they are famous to perfect harmony with the longer skirt. Many of their new styles successfully meet the challenge that low heels and low hemlines cannot marry successfully.

By clever styling, a lighter appearance has been given to these flat-heeled shoes. In some cases, a slight curve at the back of the wedge heel is adapted for this purpose; in others the wedge is combined with a sling back and in many cases the bracelet strap imparts to the ankle the slimming grace so essential when calves are concealed.

New materials are suede kid, a divinely soft and flexible medium for walking shoes; and corduroy, a spectacular new-

comer, is used both for indoor and outdoor shoes. New colours include Copperhead, Autumn Red, Hazelnut Brown and Evergreen.

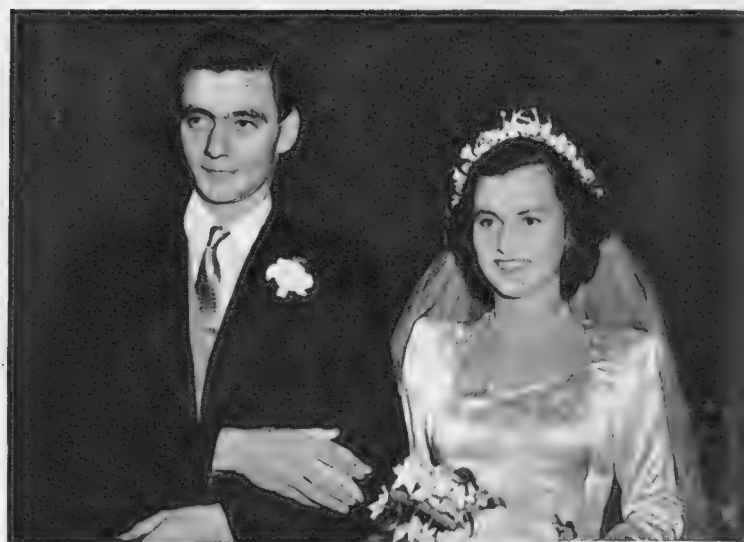
At other shoe collections elasticised suèdes took their place among welcome newcomers. Raynes' autumn range include some beautifully-styled "expandable" suèdes which hug the foot with a nice combination of elegance and comfort.





Backhouse — Gurowska

Mr. Richard Backhouse, son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Backhouse, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., C.M.G., and of Lady Backhouse, M.B.E., of Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7, married Countess Gurowska, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of Harbridge House, Ringwood, Hants



Trenchard — Bailey

The Hon. Thomas Trenchard, son of Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Trenchard and Viscountess Trenchard, of The King's House, Burhill, Walton-on-Thames, married Miss Patricia Bailey, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Sidney Bailey and of Lady Bailey, of Cheyne Walk, S.W.3



Ohlenschlager — Whitcombe

Capt. Richard Ohlenschlager, R.A., younger son of the late Cdr. N. Ohlenschlager, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. d'Arch-Smith, of Fareham, Hants, married Miss Ann Whitcombe, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cyril Whitcombe, of Seaview, Isle of Wight



Gordon — Astley

Mr. Harry Alastair Gordon, M.C., younger son of Cdr. A. Gordon, D.S.O., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Gordon, of Cobb Cottage, Dolton, North Devon, married Lady Joan Astley, youngest daughter of Field Marshal Earl Wavell and Countess Wavell, of Kingston House South, S.W.7



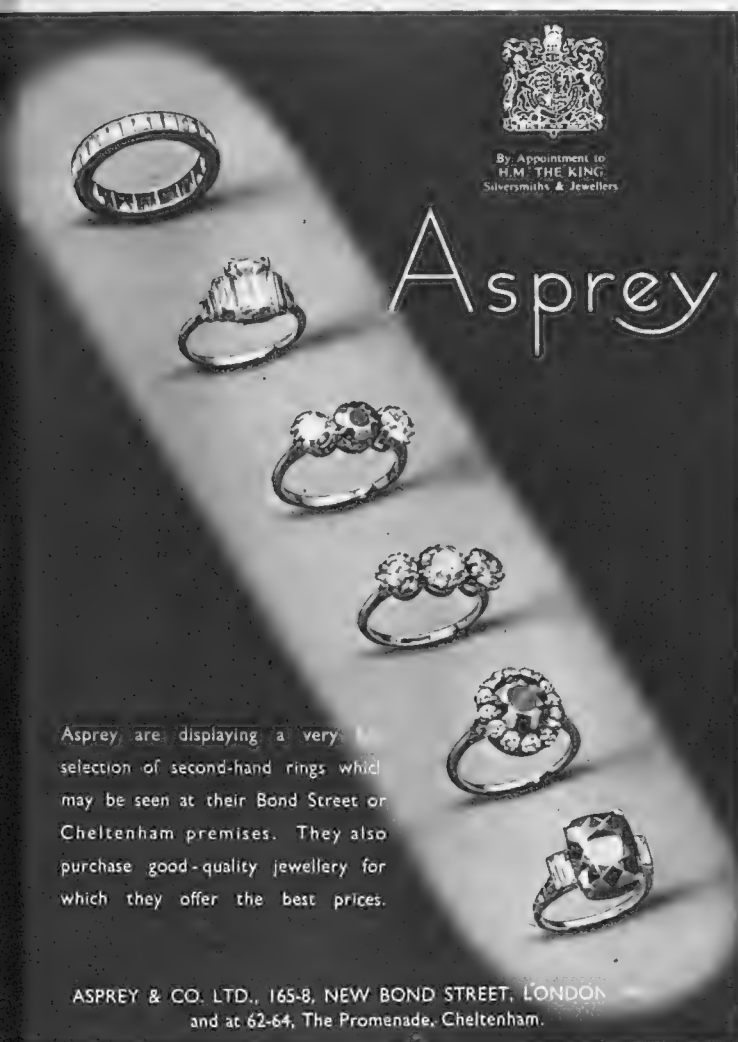
Graham — Lane


Capt. John Graham, M.C., Scots Guards, only son of Mr. Harold Graham, C.I.E., and Mrs. Graham, of Langleys, Launton, Bicester, married Miss Rona Lane, only daughter of Lt.-Col. J. W. Lane and Mrs. Lane, The Mount, Frimley Green, Surrey

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Jasmin, June Geranium. 10/9, 17/6.

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and body after washing, to smooth and refresh. 9/3, 17/6.

Ardena Dusting Powder . . . smooth, gossamer light.

Ambre, Ardena, Jasmin, Snowdrift, Rose Geranium. 7/6, 12/6.

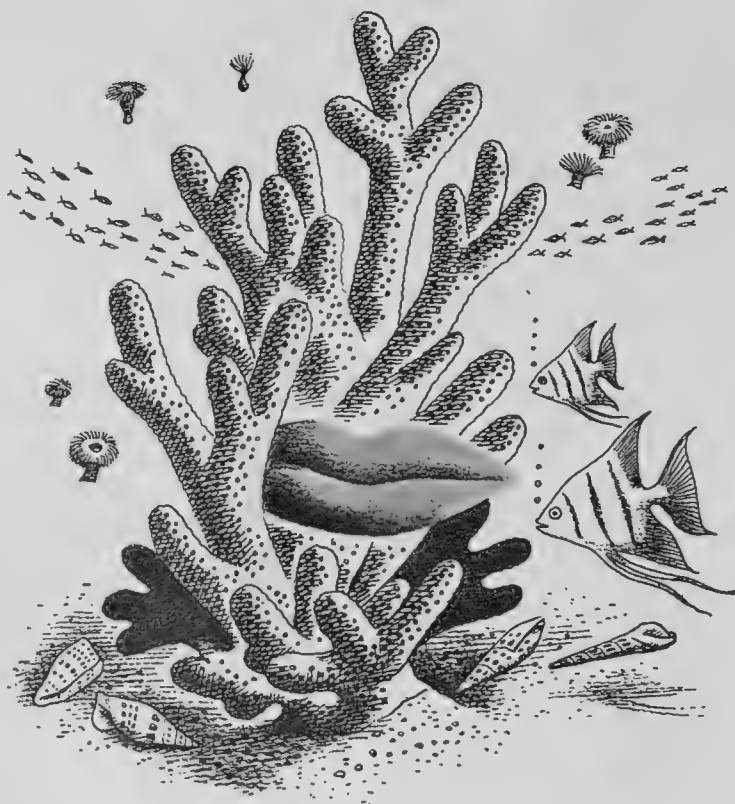
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Jasmin, Rose Geranium, Russian Pine. 20/9.

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

Mr. Ralph Bruce Verney, of Claydon House, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire, eldest son of Sir Harry and Lady Rachel Verney, of Rhianva, Menai Bridge, Anglesey, whose engagement has been announced to Miss Mary Vestey, younger daughter of the late Mr. Percy C. Vestey and of Mrs. Vestey, of Chelsea, and Beaulieu, Hampshire



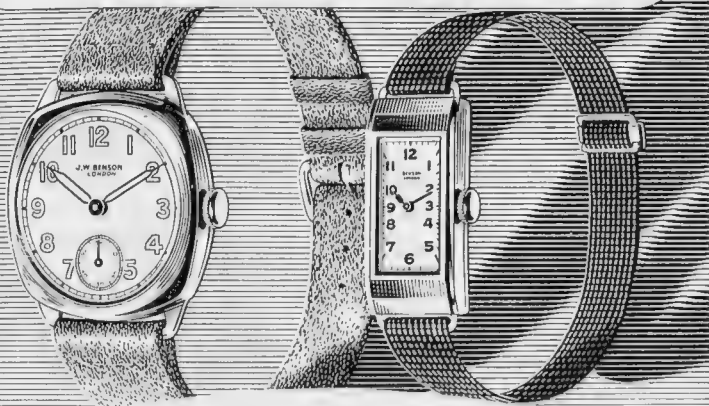
Major Arthur Essex Edgeworth Reade, of the Inner Temple and of Ash Green, Woodbridge, son of the late Mr. E. E. Reade and of Lady (Sheelagh) Ruggles-Brise, who has become engaged to Miss Cynthia Constantine Willoughby Fowler, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. W. Fowler, of Bournemouth and Haslemere, Surrey



Pearl Freeman

Mr. Arthur David Petri, only son of Lt.-Col. A. V. Petri, O.B.E., and Mrs. Petri, of the Old Lodge, Woking, Surrey, whose engagement has been announced to Miss Susan Mary Dorothy Cave, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Cave, of The Old Rectory, Bletchingley, Surrey

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Oliver Sturges on FLYING

A MIDDLE-SIZED dining-room at Londonderry House enclosed, on a recent occasion, almost all the eminent ones of British aviation. I have never before seen so many of those directly and professionally experienced in aircraft and their operation brought together at a single luncheon table. The industry were there (Sir Frederick Handley Page and Sir Roy Dobson for example), the operators were there (Mr. Whitney Straight and Mr. d'Erlanger) the aviation Press was there (the editors of *Flight* and of *The Aeroplane*), the Ministry was there (Sir A. Overton and Mr. Peter Masfield) and the pilots were there, including the Captain of the King's Flight.

It was all a tribute to the combined pulling power and popularity of Captain A. G. Lamplugh, for the luncheon was given by the British Aviation Insurance Company and was presided over by its chairman Mr. Ferguson.

As might be expected in such a gathering there was a good deal of plain (and therefore useful) speaking, and my personal view was that Sir Frederick Handley Page put an unassailable case in favour of the use by the monopoly Corporations of British aircraft. He is right in saying that those who live near an aeroplane while it is in process of development are apt to be unduly influenced by the troubles which it meets. The aeroplane that comes from afar (especially from the U.S.A.), and appears fully developed on the stage, always looks superficially more attractive. But if, as someone remarked, we are to have American

aeroplanes because they are more economic, why not Dutch administrators, because they also are more economic than our own?

This was a luncheon to be remembered. It was especially refreshing in these days when aeronautical occasions are attended by increasing numbers of political pushers-in who are without practical experience... or indeed any kind of experience of flying. Congratulations go to Mr. Ferguson and Captain Lamplugh.

Tied Up in Knots

NOT long ago the Air Ministry, after saying that it was impossible to change from statute miles to kilometres because of the difficulties of changing all the instruments, suddenly changed all the instruments from statute miles to nautical miles (and from statute miles an hour to knots).

It was a move which had clearly been prompted by the metrologically misinformed. The old story that the nautical mile has a precise relationship to the surface of the earth while the kilometre has not, had clearly been believed. The truth is that neither the nautical mile nor the kilometre is precisely related to any simple fraction of a great circle; but that the kilometre is more nearly accurate than the nautical mile.

There are at least four different nautical miles: the Admiralty one, the United States Navy one, the French one and the Australian. Nothing could have been madder than trying to force this marine measure on aviation, and it shows

an absence of critical judgment in aircraft operators that they have accepted the nautical mile and the knot. Few of them—as I discovered recently—realized that there were several different nautical miles. They were under the impression that it was an angular measurement roundly related to the earth's surface.

No Relief

ONCE again I am getting occasional letters of protest about the noise made by aircraft. These letters come from people living near aerodromes in most instances, and it is no good pretending that they can expect any relief in the near future.

The old intensive effort to reduce noise has dwindled away, and now noise seems to be accepted as inevitable. That is not to say, however, that there would not be an enormous advantage if anybody did discover how to reduce aircraft noise without also reducing efficiency.

But the Royal Air Force must think of efficiency first, and it must do its training under the proper conditions. I think that the Air Ministry tries its best to avoid causing unnecessary disturbance to people on the ground; but, inevitably, its first thought must be concerned with the effectiveness of the training.



Diana Olsson, nineteen-year-old actress, who took the leading part of Anna in the "passing-out" performance of "Power Without Glory," at the Phoenix Theatre, given by the Central School of Special Training and Dramatic Art.

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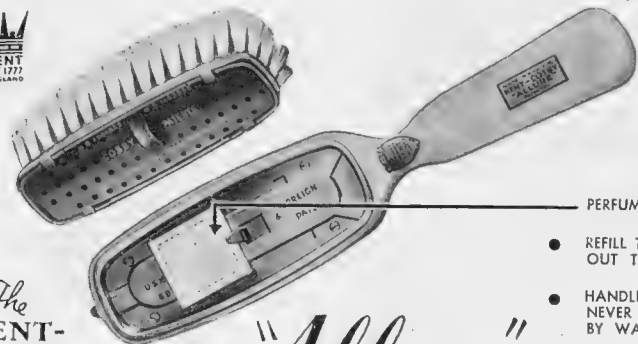
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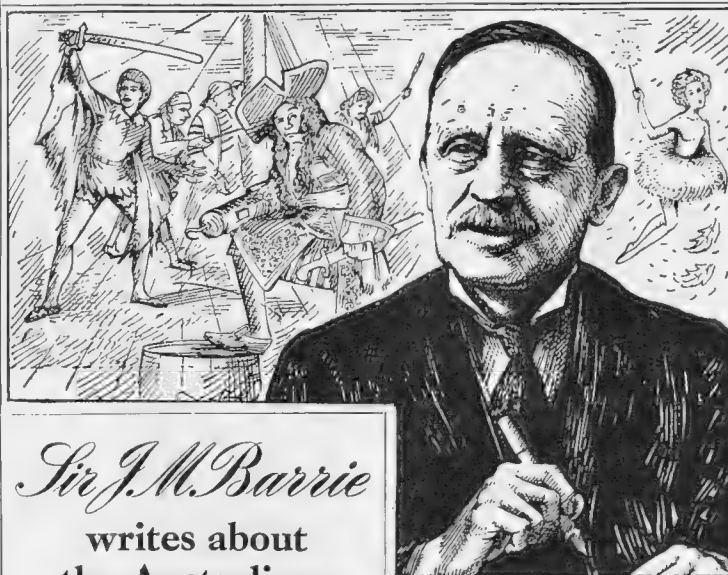


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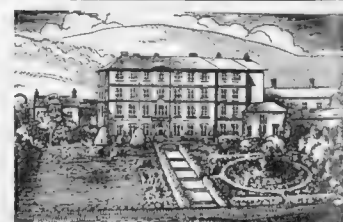
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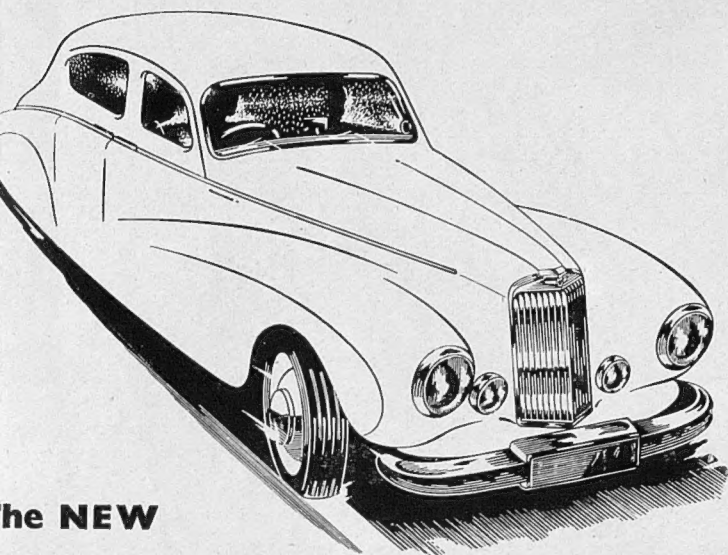
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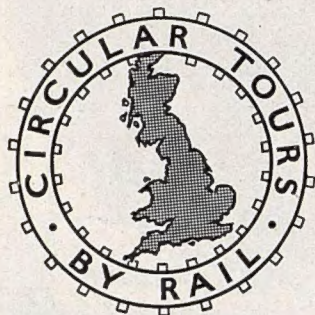
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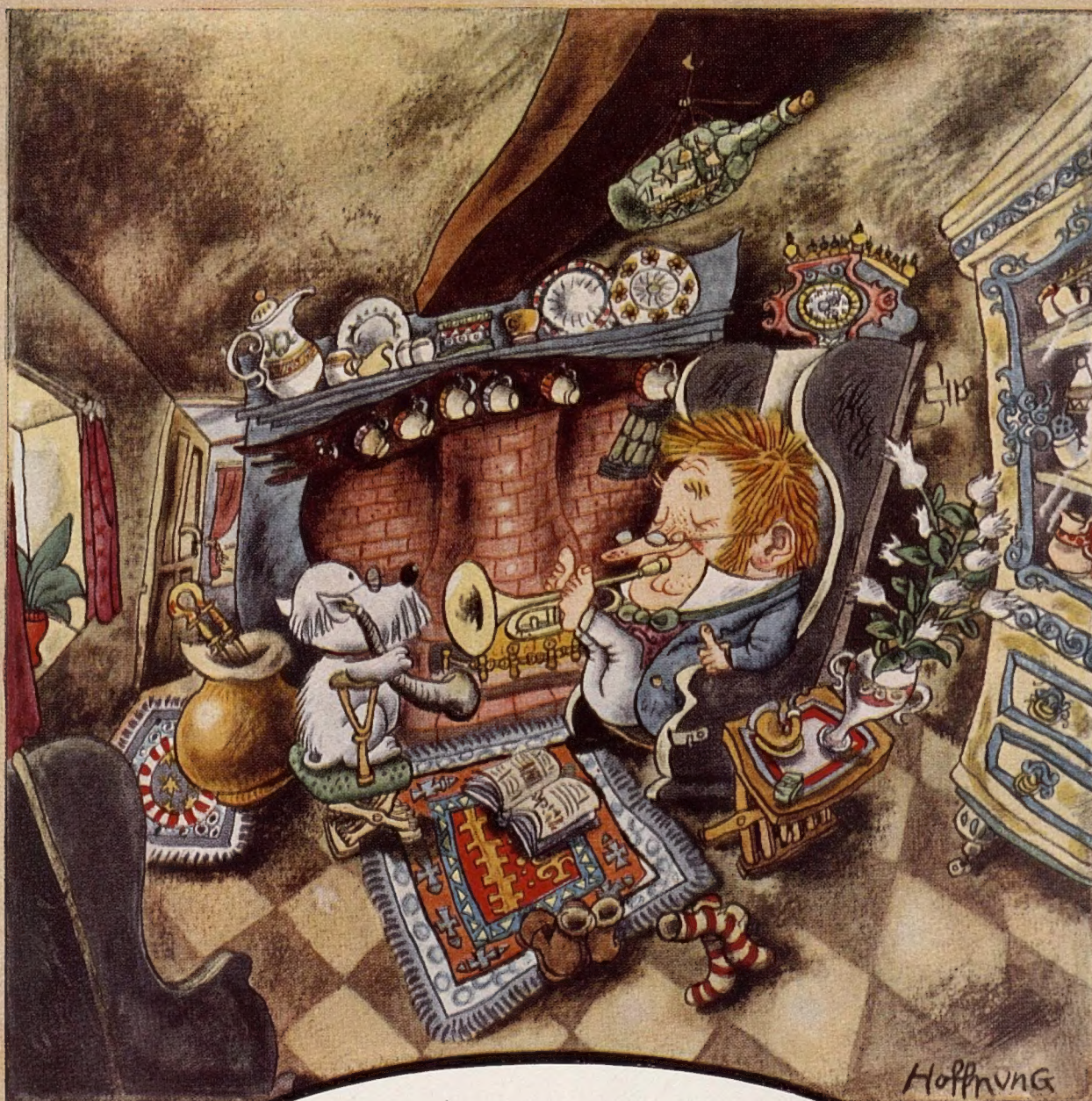


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